

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT SUPPER TABLE SERIES

BEING
A DIET FOR MENTAL DYSPEPTICS—A SALAD FOR SMALL SALARIES,
 AND
A SALVE FOR BAD CUTS.
 The whole carefully compounded and put up expressly for Family Use.

BY OUR SERIES EDITOR.
 NUMBER CCXVI.

OUR THEATRICAL STARS.



Edwin Forrest as "Metamora."
 And as Bringham says, "He never met a more amusing creature." He is very popular with country people, and possesses the same source of attraction that a cattle show does—that is, in the fine display of calves.



Mr. Edwin Booth as "Hamlet."
 He is now going through an entirely neglected passage of Mr. Shakespeare, beginning thus—"Two Bee not two bees, that's the question," which is supposed to refer to an arithmetical problem of some bee fancier, as he sat in his hamlet and tried to count the busy insects.



[ADVERTISEMENT.]
 "These goods are recommended by the faculty."
 The above is a correct portrait of the "faculty" who uses the article.



[ADVERTISEMENT.]
 "I have used your sauce in my family for a long time."
 The above is the portrait of the gentleman who tastes sauces and pickles for the purpose of furnishing recommendations.
 COLUMBIAN PROPAGATED BY THE DOG DAY HEAT.—Why is a paper collar like a railway ticket? Because it's good for one day only.

Occasions when I am Suspicious
 When, in a public billiard room, a gentleman wearing a white hat with a black band, massive jewelry, and leaky boots, asks me to have a quiet game at private.

When a young lady writes to say she is too unwell to keep an engagement, and I meet her the same day on the staircase at the Seton House with my bosom friend, whom I introduced to her the day before yesterday.

When the intelligent rustic declares "he ain't seed 'spridge that man'n," and you distinctly detect two brace of those birds peeping from a pocket in the region of his spine.

When a widow told my rich uncle (a widower) that he was the very image of her dear first.

When a spinster asked my father (a widower) "if that dear interesting boy of his wore flannel next his skin."

When a lady, the instant she gets in front of me in the street, draws up her dress, disclosing a clean petticoat with a deep frill.

When a picture-dealer says business is awfully flat, and that he is the only man who is doing any.

When an individual, apparently of sound mind, reads any other paper than ours.

WHAT THE SIGNS ARE.—For the benefit of the superstitious, we give the following translations of the signs of the times, all of which are true: If you break a looking glass, it is a sign that you will have to get another one. If you help yourself to a piece of butter when you have already a piece on your plate, it is a certain sign you will have two pieces. Never start to go anywhere or to do anything on Friday, because you can't get a great way before Sunday. If you drop a fork, and it sticks in the floor, it is a sign that you have a salt-room. If you spill a dish cloth on the floor, it is a sure sign you will have to pick it up again.

A SEA-CAPTAIN, trading to the African coast, was invited to meet a committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa. Among numerous questions touching the habits and religion of the African races, he was asked, "Do the subjects of King Dahomey keep Sunday?" "Keep Sunday!" he replied. "Yes, and every other darned thing they can lay their hands on."

"William, this knows I never call any body names; but, William, if the Mayor of the city were to come to me, and say, 'Joshua, I want thee to find me the biggest liar in a Philadelphia,' I would come to thee and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, 'William, the Mayor wants to see thee.'"

A rather fast young man relating the experience of his voyage across the ocean to a sympathizing friend. Said he:—"I tell you what, old fellow, there's one good thing about it, though. You can get as tight as you please every day, and everybody thinks you're only sea-sick!"

A little five-year-old, who was hungry one night recently, just at bedtime, but didn't wish to ask directly for something more to eat, put it in this way:—"Mother, are little children who starve to death happy after they die?" A good big slice of bread and butter was the answer.

A LOVE-LETTER.—"Dear—I send u bi the buoy a bucket of flowers—They is like mi luv for u. The nitesaid menses kepe dark. The dog fentl menses I am ure sla'v.
 "Rosis red and possis pall
 My love for u shall never phale."

INDUCEMENT.—An old minister the other day asked a woman what could be done to induce her husband to attend church. "I don't know," she replied, "unless you were to put a pipe and a jug of whisky in the pew."

"Three and sixpence per gal!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, looking over the price-current. "Why, bless me, what is the world coming to, when the gals are valued at only three and six pence?"

A gentleman travelling on a steamer one day at dinner was making war with a large pudding close by, when he was told by a servant that it was dessert. "It matters not to me," said he, "I would eat it if it were a wilderness."

It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics that, when statesmen get into place they often become oblivious of their antecedents, but are seldom forgetful of their relatives.

A lady speaking of the gathering of lawyers to dedicate a new court-house, said she supposed they had gone "to view the ground where they must shortly lie."

Women are generally in quest of something. Conquest seems to suit them about as well as anything.

A girl with a "ringing laugh" caused an alarm of fire the other day. They took her for a beetle.

If mankind are animals, can fashionable ladies be called "trained" animals?

Squib thinks the dearest eyes he knows of just now are those of potatoes.

THE "AID" THAT IS BY NO MEANS DISAGREEABLE NOWADAYS—Lemon-ade.

The apple eye longed for and ate at last must have been a pine-apple.

THE MOST APPROPRIATE WOOD FOR WOODEN SHOES—Sandal-wood.

"How are you getting along at Newport?"—"Oh, swimmingly!"

THE FOURTH OF A MAN.—A quarter-master. Never waste your time; waste somebody else's.

THE FLOWER OF THE FIELD—Wheat.

The Poles threaten to give up smoking rather than use Russian tobacco.

The huge circus posters and other play-bills of America are unknown in Europe.

Extensive coal fields have been discovered near the seaport of Bergen, in Norway.

A large number of dry goods and other clerks are out of employment in New Orleans.

The Atlantic cable is growing more perfect in its insulation month by month, it is said.

On the Chicago and Northwestern Railway a train recently ran ninety-one miles in ninety minutes.

The trustees of the Illinois State University have declined to admit women as students.

Madagascar's Prince Imperial is sowing his wild oats in Paris, under pretense of getting an education.

The largest income in Louisville, Ky. (\$140,225) is returned by John Bull, a patent-medicine manufacturer.

The Richmond Enquirer complacently says:—"There is no morality left in the country, except in the South."

The Princess Metternich, at a recent reception, offered her guests cigars, and led off in the smoking herself.

LITERATURE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

From Smith, English & Co. we have received "Villa Eden; The Country House on the Rhine," Part I, and "Edelweiss," by Berthold Auerbach. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. The first-named work is published in pamphlet form, and the latter is one of Messrs. Roberts' very tasteful "Handy Volume" series. These are stories that we can heartily commend, and which every lover of good literature will heartily enjoy. Auerbach's style is a charm of itself, and the reader is fascinated from the commencement to the end of one of his idyllic pieces. "Edelweiss" is graceful and entertaining at the opening, and it is not until the story has advanced some distance before the real purport of the author begins to be unfolded, and the profound dramatic interest of the little homely tragedy shows how much there is below the surface. "Villa Eden" is translated by Charles G. Shaekford, and it will be published in four parts. The other story, named from the Alpine plant, "Edelweiss," which signifies "noble purity," is translated by Ellen Frothingham.

Turner Brothers & Co. send us "The Davenport Papers." Edited by Moses Colt Tyler. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co. The editor, or rather the author, of this work is an enthusiast on the subject of physical culture, and this book is made up of a series of papers originally contributed to *The Herald of Health*. The subject is thrown into the form of an entertaining series of sketches, which have the merit of being amusing as well as instructive. In a playful sort of way the author has made the exploits and conversation of an imaginary group of characters the means of illustrating his ideas about a sound mind in a sound body.

The same house sends us "My Ten Rod Farm, or How I Became a Florist," by Mrs. Maria Gilmore. Published by Loring. This is one of Loring's useful series, and it may be described as a sequel to that very popular work, which excited the rural enthusiasm of so many city-bound readers, "Ten Acres Enough." The author tells how a great deal may be done with very small means by those who have patience, skill, and industry, and we hope the pamphlet will have a large circulation.

From Scherer & Koradi we have received a specimen part of a new edition of Callot's French-English and English-French Dictionary. This is a standard work, and its value is well known to all who have occasion to use a French and English dictionary. A number of important improvements have been introduced into this edition, which will add greatly to its value. The dictionary will be issued in twenty-four weekly numbers, at fifteen cents a number.

Claxton, Remsen & Hasselinger send us the April number of the *Architectural Review*, edited by Samuel Sloan, Esq. This valuable publication is, as usual, attractive in appearance, and its table of contents presents a series of articles that are interesting to the amateur, as well as useful to the professional architect and builder. A number of designs for buildings, with full plans and specifications, are given.

Turner Brothers & Co. send us Captain Mayne Reid's magazine, *Omeard*, for April. The sketches, stories, and verses are of the usual spirit-stirring character. The gallant Captain informs us that hitherto he has written each number of the magazine himself, and he could easily continue to perform the task. He is somewhat doubtful, however, whether the quality is equal to the quantity; consequently he will hereafter secure a sufficient variety in style and substance, by alternating his own contributions by articles from other writers.

The *Riverside Magazine* for April, which we have received from Turner Brothers & Co., opens with one of Hans Christian Andersen's delightful sketches, entitled "Luck may lie in a pin." The other articles are up to the usual standard of excellence, and the illustrations are numerous and good. Published by Hurd & Houghton.

Our *School-day Visitor* for April, published by Daughaday & Becher, has an attractive variety of stories, sketches, and verses, illustrated by some spirited designs by Schell. This magazine is increasing in favor with the juveniles, and the publishers and editors are exerting themselves to make each number better than the last.

Peterson's *Ladies' National Magazine* has for a frontispiece a steel engraving entitled "Grandfather's Pipe." A double-page, highly-colored steel fashion plate is also given, together with patterns of all kinds of needle-work, the latest fashions, etc. The stories, sketches, and poetry are interesting, and the items of useful information about household matters will be appreciated by many of the readers of the magazine. Received from Turner Brothers & Co.

From the same house we have received *Our Boys and Girls* for April 3 and April 27, edited by Oliver Optic. The number for April 27 is embellished by steel portraits of Grant and Colfax.

The *Little Corporal* for April, published by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Chicago, has an attractive variety of articles suited to the tastes of young readers.

Harper's *Magazine* for April opens with a somewhat melodramatic but interesting article, by Jacob Abbott, entitled "The Freaks of Lightning." Either Mr. Abbott has not done the fair thing by the publishers, or the publishers have not acted ingeniously with their readers. The article in question, with all its illustrations, is taken bodily from a work published a year ago by Messrs. Sampson Low, Son & Marston, London. It is translated from the French of W. De Fonville by T. L. Phipson, and Mr. Abbott is only entitled to the credit of having strung together a

series of extracts from it. The proper credit to the real authors ought to have been given as is the usual custom when articles of this description appear in a magazine.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers send us "Woodstock" and "The Betrothed," two volumes of their cheap edition of the Waverley novels. Price 20 cents each.

"A Curiosity of Literature."
 To the Editor of *The Evening Telegraph*—

In a recent book review you reprinted from *Putnam's* for April "A Curiosity of Literature," the tenor of which was to the effect that Wolfe's ode on the burial of Sir John Moore was not an original production. In support of this alleged "fact," evidence is given in the form of a French poem, said to have been written in commemoration of a Breton officer who was shot in 1749, at the siege of Pondicherry, and this poem, it is said, is to be found in the *Memoirs of Lally Tollendal*. Still further evidence is presented in the shape of a German poem dating "from the second half of the seventeenth century," and written in honor of a Swedish hero "who fell at the siege of Dantzig."

These three odes being, as stated, "almost literal translations of each other," it is evident that all three cannot be equally original. To the German poem is given the palm, by seniority, and it is surmised that Wolfe stole his inspiration, almost word for word, at second hand from the French poem. No three poems, in three idioms so distinct, could by chance so precisely coincide; but Wolfe, had he sufficient genius to make so inspiring a translation, would doubtless have had wit enough to have made greater deviation from the so-called "original." The exactness of the triple likeness, therefore, would seem a strong presumptive evidence of a "hoax." In fact, numerous poems have, at various times, been put forward as the originals of Wolfe's inspired ode; but they have been proven to be impostors.

Bearing upon this point, I beg to give you an item (originally from *Notes and Queries*) first series, running from 1849 to 1855) which I have before me in a book published by Appleton in 1857, comprising selections from the above-named London weekly. The article is not uninteresting, particularly at this juncture:—

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

The undoubted author of the monody on the burial of Sir John Moore is the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, a young Irishman, curate of Donaghmore, Diocese of Armagh, who died in 1823, in the 32d year of his age. His "Life and Remains" were edited by the Archdeacon of Clogher; and a fifth edition of the volume, 8vo, was published in 1832, by Hamilton, Adams & Co., Paternoster Row. At the twenty-fifth page of the memoir there is the narration of an interesting discussion between Lord Byron, Shelley, and others, as to the most perfect ode that had ever been produced. Shelley contended for Coleridge's on "Switzerland;" others named Campbell's "Hohenlinden" and Lord Byron's Invocation in "Matford." But Lord Byron left the dinner-table before the cloth was removed, and returned with a magazine, from which he read this monody, which just then appeared anonymously. After he had read it he repeated the third stanza, and pronounced it perfect, and especially the lines:—

But lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

"I should have taken the whole," said Shelley, "for a rough sketch of Campbell's."

"No," replied Lord Byron, "Campbell would have claimed it had been his."

The memoir contains the fullest details on the subject of the authorship, and Wolfe's claims to which was also fully established by the Rev. Dr. Miller, late Fellow of Trinity, Dublin.

It was stated in an English paper, published in France some years back, that Wolfe had taken the lines from a poem at the end of the "Memoirs of Lally Tollandal," the French governor of Pondicherry, in 1756, and subsequently executed in 1766.

In this paper the French poem was given, professing to be a monody on Lally Tollandal, and to be found in the appendix to his memoirs. It was only a clever hoax from the ready pen of "Father Frost," and first appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany*. No greater proof of the incurable nature of factitious of this peculiar nature can be required than the circumstance that the fiction, after a time, gets mistaken for a fact. There shortly afterwards appeared the following letter in the *Courier*, Wednesday, Nov. 3, 1824:—

ODE ON THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

To the Editor of *The Courier*—Sir—Permit me, through the medium of your highly respectable journal (which I have chosen as the channel of this communication from my having been a subscriber to it for the last fifteen years), to observe that the statement lately published in the *Morning Chronicle*, the writer of which ascribes the lines on the burial of Sir John Moore to Wolfe, is false, and as barefaced a fabrication as ever foisted on the public. The lines in question were not written by Wolfe, nor by Bentley, nor by Despard the author, but they were composed by me. I published them originally, some years ago, in the *Durham County Advertiser*, a journal in which I have at different times inserted several poetical trifles, as the "Prisoner's Prayer to Sleep," "Lines on the Lamented Death of Benjamin Galley, Esq.," and some other little effusions. I should not, sir, have thought the lines on Sir John Moore's funeral worth owning had not the false statement of the *Chronicle* met my eye. I can prove, by the most indisputable evidence, the truth of what I have asserted. The first copy of my lines was given by me to my friend and relation Captain Bell, and it is in his possession at present. It is perfectly correct with the copy now in circulation, with this exception—it does not contain the stanzas commencing with "I can prove," which I added afterwards at the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. Alderson of Buttery. I am, sir, yours, etc.

H. MARSHALL, M. D.
 South street, Durham, November 1, 1824.

This letter was a mere hoax, and was so shown to be two or three days after its publication, by an authenticated statement that "Dr. Marshall, of South street, Durham," was a whose doctor of dissipated rather than literary habits, and not even a graduate of the Veterinary College. He had, of course, nothing to do with the letter. Benjamin Galley, who is termed equire in the letter, was a poor Durham idiot; and by the Rev. Dr. Alderson, of Buttery, was meant Hutchinson Alderson, the bellman of Durham. The paragraph in the *Morning Chronicle*, to which Dr. Marshall's letter refers, had been inserted by John Sidney Taylor, a bosom friend of Wolfe, the author of the monody. Mr. Taylor replied to the Doctor's letter in an angry philippic, and evidently thought he was dealing with the genuine letter of a real M. D., although he insinuates that he was a quack, and advises him, instead of claiming verses which do not belong to him, to content himself with writing verses on the tombstones of his patients.

It will be seen by the Doctor's letter that he not only claimed the authorship of this "monody," but also of "The Prisoner's Prayer to Sleep." Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh, thereupon avowed himself the author of the latter

poem, and was probably as much deceived by the Doctor's letter as Mr. Taylor had been.

The article from *Notes and Queries* gives other gossip information, besides quite an interesting descriptive letter from the clergyman who officiated at the burial.

It seems not improbable that the writer in *Putnam's* has fallen upon "Father Frost's" hoaxing French translation of Wolfe's monody and some German triplicate. At all events, Dr. Marshall's letter is an apt illustration of the value that may sometimes attach to "internal evidence," apparently minute and authentic.

Respectfully,
 W. H. F.
 Philadelphia, March 26, 1869.

REMOVAL OF TEMPLE OF FASHION.

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